

# The World

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## TENDERLOIN CAPTAINS.

As Capt. Sheehan's transfer from the Tenderloin to the Old Slip station was determined on a week ago the sensational Craft murder in his precinct Saturday cannot be alleged as the cause. The coincidence, however, is noteworthy and fortunate.

Sheehan is replaced by Capt. Richard Walsh, who comes from the adjoining district, Devery's, a police official who is not unfamiliar with Tenderloin conditions and who made a reputation by cleaning up the Eldridge street red-light region. We may therefore hope for better things from him as we hoped for better things from his predecessor when that officer was put in charge of the Tenderloin Precinct just a twelvemonth ago. Then we were led to expect an immediate improvement—fresh blood from the Bronx, a new broom sweeping clean, &c. But after a year of small achievement, a year in which by the testimony of City Club scouts and other unofficial investigators gambling-houses and other resorts have flourished as openly as of old, the Captain retires by his own request, "worn out," in the Commissioner's phrase.

What is it that blights the well-meant endeavors of a new captain when he shows his good intentions by beginning to clean up the Tenderloin? Does he find the process harder and one of a different nature from that in other precincts where the power of "pull" is not so strong? Does he encounter a more vigorous and effective opposition?

Walsh's efforts will be watched with interest. His programme, as given to a World reporter, is comprehensive: "I will stand for no gambling-houses," he says. "I will clean the precinct of every pool-room. I will not stand for an opium joint or a policy shop or a creeping joint. There will be no places of the kind I hear exist in West Twenty-ninth street. I will not stand for places where they take innocent people and chop their heads off, as was done in one resort a few days ago. There will be no gambling. There will be no disorderly resorts of any character."

Brave words! At any rate, we know that for a week, perhaps for a fortnight, his precinct will be closed tight. It is a mark of courtesy shown incoming captains by resort keepers who desire to manifest their recognition of the new regime. But after that will not the precinct be as wide open as before? Precedent leads us to expect so.

**The Break in Stocks.**—Another flaw in the wind within a week to interrupt the fair sailing on the Stock Exchange. Is a hard blow coming? Declines of from two to ten points all along the line look serious.

## "AS MUCH VICE AS EVER."

In an interview with a World reporter yesterday Dr. Parkhurst said: "I've heard since my return and from reports received from our club while I was abroad that in some particulars the city is suffering greater wrongs than it did under Devery. There is as much gambling, as much disregard of the Sunday laws, as much vice, as there ever was, and Commissioner Partridge does nothing to stop it."

"Greater wrongs than under Devery!" A remarkable statement to be made of a reform administration now under full swing and with all the time that his apologists wanted for Commissioner Partridge to get his hand in duly given and elapsed. And everybody knows that it's so.

**An Ideal Club.**—In the Balcony Club in Brooklyn the women run the club and the men pay the bills. Is not this the nearest approach to the ideal woman's club so far recorded?

## WOMEN AND GOLF.

Ninety young women with brown faces and bronzed arms begin the contest for the woman's golf championship on the links of the Brookline Country Club. The struggle marks the climax of feminine interest in outdoor sports—that is, of direct personal interest. This is not to say that lawn tennis has lost its popularity with the sex, but do you recall the name of the season's champion? It is not so familiar as Miss Hecker's.

It would be difficult to overestimate the good that golf is doing for young womanhood. Not every athletic feminine figure and elastic carriage and bright frank eye is traceable to it. But it has done much more probably than any other outdoor sport to improve the feminine physique and to tone up the general health. And what has it not done for digestion and "nerves"? An athletic life has transformed the pale lily-like lady of a former time, lovely but anaemic, into a self-reliant creature of flesh and blood not too good for human nature's daily food but very wholesome and desirable.

And for the result let us give a due meed of praise to the canny sportsmen who played the first game of golf on Scotia's sandy shores.

## A WAITER'S TIPS.

A hotel head waiter's wife, suing for divorce, demands for alimony an equal division of her husband's tips, one-half of which will be ample, she thinks, to support her in comfort. In the happy time before the honeymoon waned she received all, according to her allegations, but the autumn days of matrimony having arrived she is denied any share in them.

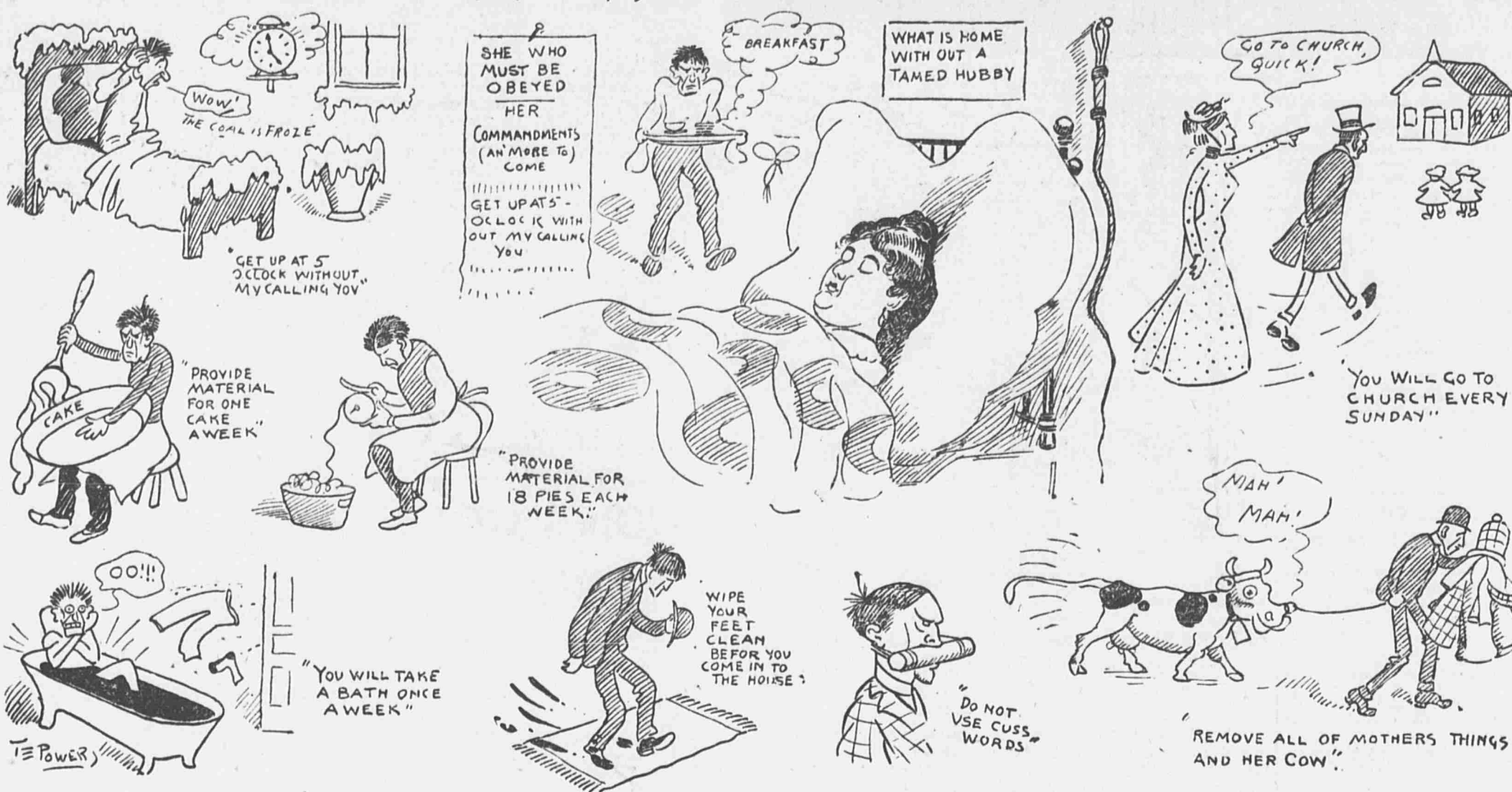
Parsons are wont to give their wives their wedding fees; the custom is ancient and a matter of inviolable tradition. Many bank and other corporation officers reserve the gold pieces that come their way as fees for directors' meetings to take home as little additions to the better half's weekly allowance. It might seem that the precedent was good for a waiter to make a similar disposition of his tips.

But it happens that he who abstracts a waiter's wages sometimes abstracts a trifle, while he who fleeces from him his tips leaves him poor indeed. So the parson and the banker precedent would hardly serve. Perhaps a compromise that would enable the waiter's wife to have all his wages and permit him to keep the tips might be arranged. It would certainly be more satisfactory to the masculine party to the contract than a share and share alike division of the spoils of generous diners.

**Money or Brains.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Some people have brains and no money. Others have money and no brains. Which is the worst? Answer, readers.  
BRAINS.  
"In the Good Old Times."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In the good old times of long ago if the price of coal had gone up to \$11 per ton, with the prospect of it going to \$15 and upward, and a cold winter only two months off, there would have been town meetings all over the country, and such indignation aroused that things would have been righted in short order, why not call an indignation meeting at

## HERE'S A WAY, WIVES, TO REGULATE YOUR HUSBANDS.

Take a Tip from Artist Powers's Picture.



This is no joke. It is the real thing. Ask Byron Sutton, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. If it isn't. He's been up against it, and he knows. Dora Sutton, his wife, wrote out twelve commandments for his guidance, and because he couldn't live

up to them he ran away. Now she is suing him for desertion. These are the commandments:  
1. Get up at 5 o'clock without my calling you.  
2. Provide material for one cake a

week.  
3. Provide material for pies each week.  
4. Provide for 25 cents worth of beef Tuesdays and Saturdays.  
5. Provide clothes for you that will make you look attractive and clean.

6. You will not use vulgar or profane language at all.  
7. You will go to church and Sunday school at Wyoming and not make my life a burden to get you there in time.  
8. Remove all mother's things and her

cow; I cannot tend her.  
9. Buy one quart of a milk a day.  
10. You will take a bath once a week.  
11. Ruth must not peddle, buy or carry things.  
12. Wipe your feet clean when you come in the house.

## HARD CASE.



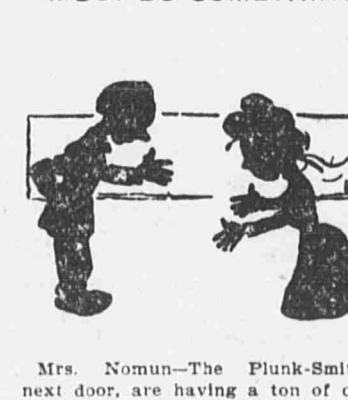
Mermother—What's the matter, Tommy?  
Merkid—I don't want to wash my face!

## NATURALLY.



Twangle—What did that bashful young Flatoyde do when they asked him to sing at the stag party?  
Slangle—Oh, he made an awful hol-

## MUST DO SOMETHING.



Mrs. Nomun—The Plunk-Smiths, next door, are having a ton of coal delivered. To-morrow morning I must go down and scatter on our sidewalk some jet trimmings from that black dress of mine. We can't be left out of it this way.

## FRIENDLY CRITICISM.



Hojax—Your friend Scribbles always laughs at his own jokes after they appear in print.  
Tomdix—Yes; but then, you know, they are not original with him.

## IN HIS LINE.



Oddson—There's a breezy freshness about this Western fellow's work. His execution is fine.  
Ends—it ought to be. He was formerly a sheriff out West.

## THE FIRST MAN TO DISCOVER COAL.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

You talk about it—you can't get along without it—you are wondering what you are going to do if you don't get it this winter.

But what do you know about coal? You probably have the same hazy idea which millions of other people have, that coal consists of dead decayed forests which have been hidden for ages under alluvial deposits, or perhaps you incline to the new theory that it consists of successive deposits of plants and spawn of aquatic origin which formed layers of carbonaceous mud or considerable depth at the bottom of the prehistoric lakes—but that is pretty nearly all you know about this wonderful thing that you worry and yearn for so much.

Do you know to whom you are indebted for the discovery of coal? Have you ever heard of Phil Ginter? If you haven't, ask to the Pennsylvania coal regions and go about him. There you will find that Phil Ginter was the first man that ever found a black diamond. Phil was the Rip Van Winkle of the old Mauch Chunk region and he must be as happy a man as Rip not to be able to see what is now going on among the scenes of his vagabondish wanderings.

What Rip was to our grandfathers along the Hudson Phil was to the hills forming the French roof of the Lehigh Valley. He was a tramp of the Mauch Chunk region—a lazy old Dutchman—who would rather loaf than work and who was fonder of his gun and dog than of cleanliness and sobriety. He despised city ways and society and had built for himself, away back in the mountains, a rough old cabin, where he resided with his family, whom he supported by the fruits of his unerring aim. Game was plentiful in the Mauch Chunk Mountains in those days, but occasionally old Phil would get tired, and sometimes his family got tired also. One day, in the year 1731, Phil had been out on one of his hunting expeditions and was returning home. As usual most of his hunting had been done under

a tree, where he had gone to sleep and endeavored to dream of choice coverts. He had lain there until it began to rain, and as the rain awakened him he rubbed his eyes, swore at his ill-luck and mended homeward.

That rain storm in the mountains that woke the old Pennsylvania Dutchman



PHIL GINTER FINDS THE "BLACK STONE."

proved a godsend to him and to the world at large. As he ambled homeward the rain became more furious and he was drenched to the skin. He was looking for a place to take shelter when he saw a large tree in the distance. He walked toward it and as he did so he noticed a number of "black stones" that had become uncovered by the washout. Old Phil had heard the legends of the existence of "black stones" that would

burn" in the mountains, but he had never seen any of them, and he and the other mountaineers looked upon it as a fairy story. He was of an inquisitive turn of mind, however, and when he unearthed the stones he searched for more. Beneath the root of a fallen tree he dug up vast numbers of them, and he filled

his pockets with them and lugged them home. Col. Jacob Weiss was the oracle of that balliwick at that time. He resided at Fort Allen, now Weissport, near by to Mauch Chunk.

On the following day Ginter took his find to the Colonel.

The Colonel saw at a glance that Ginter had made a valuable and wonder-

ful discovery, but he obtained Phil's permission to have the "black stones" examined by somebody who knew more about such matters than he did. Philadelphia, then, as now, was the home of learned scientists, mineralogists and savants. To them Col. Weiss went, taking with him several specimens of Ginter's find.

Among the savants was Charles Clat, a printer, who at once pronounced it "stone coal," and who told Col. Weiss that there was a fortune in it. They at once determined to buy Ginter up upon his showing them the place where he had found the specimens.

They agreed to Phil Ginter's proposal that they give him title to a tract of land in the locality upon which he could and afterward did build a small mill. He had scarcely built the mill, however, when he ascertained that it was owned by somebody else, and that his title was worthless.

In the following year, 1732, Weiss, Clat and a man named Hilgate formed themselves into the Lehigh Coal Mine Company, but failed. Another failure in 1812 followed.

In December, 1817, the Lehigh Coal Mine Company executed another lease. The lease was for twenty years and included the whole territory of 5,000 acres. The lessees agreed that after a given time for preparation they should deliver annually at least 40,000 bushels in Philadelphia and the surrounding districts and should sell it for their own benefit. For this "privilege" they were to pay the annual rent of one ear of corn.

Having obtained the lease the lessees applied to the Legislature for permission to make the Lehigh River navigable and with the success of enterprise was laid the foundation of the present great coal industry.

It was all the result of poor old Phil Ginter's find, for which he was given a tract of land from which he was afterward ejected, and for which the rental of one ear of corn per year was afterward paid.

## A PREHISTORIC STAG.



These horns were recently dug out near the north bank of the Dee-at Dee village, Aberdeen. No living Scotch stag possesses such horns.

## TEN-MINUTE READING.

I am not saying it does not take a very intelligent man to read a newspaper in ten minutes—squeeze a pianist at breakfast and drop it, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. I think it does. But I am inclined to think that the intelligent man who reads a newspaper in ten minutes is exactly the same kind of intelligent man who could spend a week reading it if he wanted to, and not waste a minute of it. And he might want to. He simply reads a newspaper as he likes. He is not confined to one way. He does not read it in ten minutes because he has a mere ten-minute mind, but because he merely has the ten minutes. Rapid reading and slow reading are both based, with such a man, on appreciation of the paper—and not upon a narrow, literary, Boston-Public-Library feeling of being superior to it.

The value of reading matter, like other matter, depends on what a man does with it. All that one needs, in order not to waste time in general reading, is a large, complete set of principles to stow things away in. Nothing really needs to be wasted. If one knows where everything belongs in one's mind—or tries to, if one takes the trouble to put it there—reading a newspaper is one of the most colossal, tremendous and boundless acts that can be performed by any one in the whole course of a human life.

If there's any place where a man needs to have all his wits about him, to put things into—where there's any place where the next three inches can demand as much of a man as a newspaper—where is it? The moment he opens it he lays his soul open, exposes himself to all sides of the world in a second, and to several thousand years of the world at once.

## A FEW REMARKS.

Here's hoping that Roosevelt luck will speedily come back from his vacation!

Just now, in rural neighborhoods, From summer joys folks flee, And the kissing bug has given place To the autumn Kissing Bee.

There was a little man and he didn't have a cent. And the bitter pangs of poverty he often had to feel, Till on his cellar floor he found a pound of coal, And now he is riding in an automobile.

He is the sort of man who keeps every engagement he makes. "If he spends his summers at any of the big resorts, then, he's liable to become a Mormon."

Will the Saratoga combatants storm the Hill or will Hill do the storming?

Tess—He used to take me to the theatre every other evening or so, but one evening when we were sitting in the parlor I foolishly allowed him to kiss me. Jess—What has that to do with the theatre?

Tess—Well, now he wants to sit in the parlor all the time—Philadelphia Press.

Unluckily for the President, the body cannot always be relied on to follow as strenuously a campaign as the mind has mapped out.

"Evadne!" exclaimed the impassioned young man, bending over her, while his voice trembled with eagerness and his great eyes grew luminous with hope, "look at me! Can you not read my heart? O Evadne, the hour of my fate has come! I love you! I love you! I love you!"

"Gerald," whispered the golden-haired beauty, while the audience applauded rapturously, "you got that off in splendid style. Are you going to ruin it all now with a mere stage kiss?"—Chicago Tribune.

In the case of the Duke of Marlborough's lawyer, American millions may have not only enriched England's aristocracy, but England's bar as well.

"I hear Henpecked has died and left no will."

"Well, the poor chap was never allowed to have any will of his own when he was alive."

For the first time, thrifty housekeepers will be sorry to see the bread rise.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her. Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—as don't tell her I did—Brooklyn Life.

Dr. Parkhurst has been looking up Richard Croker's ancestors, and finds more to say in their favor than ever he said of their Wantage descendant.

In the good old days of old. Our ancestors, on both sides, Made the fight at Saratoga a big historic date. But to-day the banner waves, O'er a different bunch of braves, And the Saratoga Battle will be waged around a Slate.

"Dear boy, she's accepted me!" "Well, she always said she'd get even with you for the indifferent way you used to treat her."

At this rate the police will feel a strange kinship to the sect known as Shakers.

Laura Biggar may now cease to believe in the old saw: "Where There's a Will There's a Way."

"Mary!" Mrs. Newcomer called down to the servant, "cross the road, and I believe she's coming here. Run out and turn that doormat upside down."

"Which one, ma'am?" "The one at the front door that has 'Welcome' on it."—Philadelphia Press.

## SOMEBODIES.

DIX, REV. DR. MORGAN—of this city, celebrates on Nov. 1 a triple anniversary. He was born Nov. 1, 1827; was admitted to the ministry Nov. 1, 1852, and became rector of Trinity Nov. 1, 1862.

JONES, ALFRED D.—who founded the city of Omaha, still lives there.

McDONALD, C. F.—late of the consular service, bequeathed a sum of money to the United States Government to be used for improving the postal money-order system.

MARIE HENRIETTE—the late Queen of Belgium, left her twelve horses to her private secretary, Baron Goffinet.

NICKERSON, BRIG.-GEN. F. S.—who has just celebrated his seventy-sixth anniversary at Cambridge, Mass., is the only New Englander who entered the Civil War as a private and emerged from it a Brigadier-General.

SCHENCK, MINNIE—of Williamsport, Pa., has just made a rifle record of twenty consecutive bull's-eyes at 300 yards.

ROCKEFELLER, FRANK—a brother of John D. and William Rockefeller, has been nominated on the Populist ticket for the Kansas Legislature.

## THE MAKING OF MARBLES.

Nearly all the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of all schoolboys on earth are made in the State of Thuringia, Germany, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. On winter days the poor people who live in the village gather together small square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills, and grind them till they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common china, painted china, glass and imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble-player's heart—the real agate. The agate printed china marbles are of plain white stone, with lines crossing each other at right angles painted upon them. Glass alleys are blown by glassblowers in the town of Lancha, Germany. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them red-hot, blow them together, give them a twist and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted into the form of a letter S. Large twisted glass alleys with the figure of a dog or sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles that are most prized are the real agates.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

### Money or Brains.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Some people have brains and no money. Others have money and no brains. Which is the worst? Answer, readers.

### "In the Good Old Times."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In the good old times of long ago if the price of coal had gone up to \$11 per ton, with the prospect of it going to \$15 and upward, and a cold winter only two months off, there would have been town meetings all over the country, and such indignation aroused that things would have been righted in short order, why not call an indignation meeting at

Madison Square Garden? There are plenty of men earning \$10 per week and less, with a wife and family of children (often as many as ten) to keep warm, who would attend and fill the building, large as it is, and as many more at the overflow. These people don't care a snap for Mitchell or Baer, but they do care a lot about keeping their families from freezing. Let us have such a meeting by all means and quick.

### The Other Side of the Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We have read men's opinions of a-burn-haired women making good wives. Now, let the women who are married,

to red-headed men express their opinions in regard to their making good husbands. Now, ladies, speak up and don't be bashful. Miss B.

### At High Schools, Too.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A student asked where he could learn Spanish. In reply he was told at Cooper Union. For the information of all those who intend to learn Spanish (beginners or advanced pupils), would you kindly make known that said language is taught free of charge in the public evening high schools?

### M. SCHMIDT, Spanish Instructor.

### "Success."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Real success of business takes nerve

and work. If you have nerve but are too lazy to work you can't expect success. If you work and the man next to you doesn't realize it, and you have not nerve enough to tell or let the world know, you can't expect success. In nerve and work combined you will find where your luck is hidden. M. N.

### Says Beauty Is Due to the Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I fully agree with the Staten Island chap regarding the beautiful young women of Staten Island. But if you give a tract of land from which he was afterward ejected, and for which the rental of one ear of corn per year was afterward paid.

freshing country air from the hills. In the morning the girls never forget to eat oatmeal for, to use the Staten Island expression, "Eier Tabouly." We have roomy sleeping apartments, and we drink the sweet and fresh butter-milk, which gives to the Staten Island girls their most admired features—rosy cheeks.

### "Cynic's" Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"Mabel," "Stella," and "William H." are quite right when they ridicule love-making in public as in very bad taste, I think. If it would be lovers desire to let each other know how much they think of one another, let them remember they will be ridiculed and possibly served up by gossamer.